

First and Last and Always

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First and Last and Always

by [Tracy_Martell](#)

Summary

The marauders find out that Sirius and Severus have been living together, James doesn't know what to think.

Notes

If I had a nickel for every time I wrote James having unrequited feelings for Severus and not realizing it until one of his friends is already in a relationship with the Slytherin I'd have two nickels. Which isn't a lot, but it's weird that it happened twice.

I'm sorry James/Severus fans I really am but I love writing that dynamic lol. I'd like to eventually write a requited James/Severus but I haven't come up with a good plot.

December 23rd 1977

James was running around Potter Manor trying to find the gift he had gotten for Padfoot's get-together. The animagus insisted that he and the rest of the marauders come over to his flat the day before Christmas Eve as an early celebration. He also warned them that he had a roommate. James thought it was odd that Padfoot would need a flatmate, the bloke was rich enough to afford the flat on his own nonetheless, James waved off his friend's worries. As long as the roommate wasn't a blood purist he could get on with the bloke.

The Potter heir had to apparate a little ways from Sirius's place, the flat was in a muggle-dense area and the Gryffindor had yet to install a floo network. He made his way up to the door, a wreath was hung on it, odd, Padfoot didn't seem like the type to decorate. He shrugged and knocked on the door, there was some muffled talking followed by a "Coming!" and a faint sentence that James believed was, "I think it's James."

The door opened to reveal Sirius in a red cosy jumper and festive pyjamas trousers, "Prongs! Come in! Moony and Wormtail are already here."

He opened the door wider to let James in, He could see the other two marauders on the couch in deep conversation. Once he fully stepped in they both turned and greeted him. The flat looked nice, every surface gleamed, it was the complete opposite of what it originally was months after Pads first bought it. The furniture was fixed and there were even some new additions that matched with the flat seamlessly. This had to be the work of his roommate.

James lifted the bottle in his hand, "I brought alcohol!" He said.

"Sweet! So did Remus, looks like we're getting properly sloshed tonight. Let me put this away." He headed off to what James assumed was the kitchen, it was closed off from the living room, and only accessed through a cased opening.

James sat next to Moony and Wormtail, "So, how's your break going so far?" He asked both of them. It was their seventh year, the last winter break they would experience, it was a

bitter-sweet feeling. The two looked at each other as if fighting through their minds over who was going to answer first. Remus seemed to win as Wormtail opened his mouth to speak.

“Good, Ma and I are going to go to Chudley to see the Cannons play tomorrow,” Peter said, eyes bright.

Padfoot’s laughter could be heard in the other room, someone else was in the kitchen.

Moony shifted awkwardly, “My break’s also going good, listen James there’s something we need to tell you.” He leaned closer to James and in a barely audible voice said, “About Sirius’s roommate, it’s S-”

He shot back to an upright position when Sirius walked into the room. “Woah you all look guilty, are you planning a prank without me?” he joked, flopping back onto the couch.

Wormtail looked around nervously, “N-no we were just asking James about Lily.” Nice save Peter.

Sirius turned his head to James, a smirk playing at his lips, “So you and Evans huh? How’s that?”

Right, Evans had finally agreed to go out with him this school year. They had been “dating” for a couple of months now though their “dates” had been studying in the library. She would shush him every time he tried to talk to her, if he wanted to leave she’d be offended that he didn’t want to spend time with her. It was all too much for James. He was meeting her sister and future brother-in-law tomorrow, something he was not looking forward to. “It’s...fine,” Evans was a lovely girl, pretty to look at, he could deal with her shrill personality if that meant he could have a stunning witch on his arm.

His best mate gave him a look of surprise, “Oh... well if you need any advice I’m happy to lend you my expertise.” He winked.

James let out a laugh, “Sure as if I’ll take advice from the notorious heartbreaker.” His friend had been known for taking girls on a date and ignoring them until they saw a new girl at his arm, catching the hint.

Instead of laughing like James thought he would, Padfoot frowned, “Hey! I’ll let you know that title is retired.”

The messy-haired teen was about to rebuttal when Remus caught his eye and signalled for him to shut up. James shut his trap and the silence that followed after was awkward, to say the least. Moony knew something, that’s for sure, but with Sirius here he was unable to relay the information back to James. The Gryffindor tried to come up with a way to get himself alone with Remus again when Sirius stood up.

The animagus awkwardly scratched the back of his neck, “Well... Severus should be almost done with cooking, I’m going to go check on him..”

Once he left James leaned back over to Remus, “Who’s Severus? Is that his roommate?” He whispered.

Remus gave him a look that told James he was being a moron. “Severus is Snape’s first name, how do you not know that?”

James' eyes widened, “What’s Snivellus doing in Padfoot’s flat!”

“He’s his roommate, you dunce!” Remus rubbed his temple and sighed heavily, “Just... be civil with him, will you? For Sirius’s sake?”

Why for Padfoot’s sake? He was just as guilty as James when it came to harassing the greasy git. He used to loathe the Slytherin, why is he allowing him to stay here? “Civil?! He’s a bloody Death Eater!” James replied indignantly.

“We don’t know that James, if Sirius can trust him enough to *live* with him you should trust him enough to be nice for a couple of hours. Peter and I talked to him for a little bit before you arrived, he’s... changed.” Remus said. Wormtail nodded in agreement.

James sighed, slumping further into the couch, “Fine! I will try my best.”

Remus gave him a small smile, “That’s all we ask.” he said, ever the mother hen.

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Though James had a proper warning that the Slytherin was staying here it had still been a shock to see the git in the kitchen, cooking no less. His back was turned from them as he made the last finishing touches to the meal he was currently cooking. James didn’t register that it was the greasy git at first, no, what he first noticed was how the apron he was wearing cinched in his waist and how his-

He had to stop his mind from going where it was about to when the man turned around and he remembered who he was. He looked so different without his oversized robes on, he could now see every shape that was usually hidden underneath the mass of black fabric. His hair was up too, revealing his face which was odd to see as his curtain of hair tended to cover up his features. James noticed that the git had surprisingly nice cheekbones.

“Everything’s ready except for the treacle tart. It still needs a little more time in the oven and will still need to cool...” He nervously fiddled with his hands.

James stared at his long pale fingers until the Slytherin's words registered in his mind, “You made treacle tart?” He asked.

Snape’s face had reddened slightly, if he wasn’t the Gryffindor’s mortal enemy James would’ve admitted that he had looked almost cute at that moment. “Well...Sirius said it was your favourite right?”

His eyes lifted from the floor and landed on James's, he felt a jolt run through him as he normally had any time the Slytherin had looked at him. "Y-yeah," James cleared his throat.

Snape's shoulders relaxed, "Good, I'll go head off to my room now. Make sure to clean up after yourselves."

As he made his way out of the kitchen Padfoot grabbed his wrist, "Wait! You're not going to eat with us?" his voice pleading.

The Slytherin frowned, mouth opening to say something when Remus beat him to it, "Please, we wouldn't mind at all. I mean you *made* us dinner for Merlin's sake."

"Yeah, we don't mind!" Wormtail parroted.

Snape had moved his gaze from Peter to James, the Gryffindor realised that he was waiting for his reply. "Please?" he asked. He felt a twisted sense of pride that the Slytherin had waited for *his* approval.

The Slytherin huffed as if he *wanted* James to argue against it, "Fine I'll only stay until I finish eating, however."

The rest of the marauders cheered as James remained silent, not anticipating the hour or so more he'd have to handle being around Snape.

They agreed to watch a movie while they ate which was for the best as it had taken away the chance of awkward silence. "Severus introduced me to this, it's called a VHS, it's a device that plays VCRs !"

"You flipped those again.." Snape quietly corrected though James was unsure Padfoot had heard as he had just kept rambling about how the muggle device worked.

Something kept gnawing at the back of James's mind, "How do you know about this? Isn't it a muggle invention?" He could tell by the clunkiness and how much manual work one had to do to get it up and running that no wizard was responsible for this.

The onyx eyes were back on him, "I'm a half-blood..." He said, sounding slightly embarrassed about that fact.

Remus pipped up, "Me too! Your mum or your dad?" James had learned long ago that question always meant which one was magical.

The Slytherin turned to the lycanthrope, "My mum, how about you?" He asked. James had suddenly felt cold with the eyes away from him.

"Opposite for me, my dad."

They shifted their attention back to picking what movie to watch. Padfoot had all the tapes spread out on the floor, the three half-bloods and Pads looking through, determining which film to pick. James, besides Sirius, was the only Pureblood, not knowing much about movies he sat back and watched them argue.

"Peter, we are *not* watching Psycho on Christmas Eve eve," Remus said.

"Rosemary's Baby?" Wormtail tried.

"Stop recommending horror films!" Moony pleaded.

"It's not my fault they have so many!" Peter argued back.

Sirius's eyes widened as they landed on a certain VHS, he snatched it up and showed it to the rest of the group. "We're watching this!"

It had a dark cover, in the background a mysterious masked figure in all black, and in the foreground two people in white, one holding something that was shooting a bright light out of it, a wand perhaps? In the corner in bold white lettering spelled the words “Star Wars”.

“I haven’t seen that before, it looks interesting,” Moony said, Wormtail nodding enthusiastically.

“It’s great! Severus and I saw it in theatres five times!” He said, sending a grin to the Slytherin who gave back a look of indifference.

They all agreed to watch the movie and settled down in their spots. There wasn’t enough room on the couch for everyone but that didn’t seem to bother the Slytherin as he sat on the floor between Sirius’s legs. Padfoot didn’t seem to mind either, in fact, when he noticed there was nowhere else for Snape to sit he moved his legs apart, a silent invitation.

No one seemed to mind save for James who kept sending cautionary glances toward the two. What was going on with Padfoot? He would *never* let the greasy git sit that close to him before. Did Snivellus do something to Sirius? Realising he was staring a bit too long he focused back on his meal, taking a bite. His eyes widened and the flavours melted on his tongue, Merlin it tasted amazing. James hoped that Lily could cook this good, the pureblood had always wanted a wife who knew her way around the kitchen.

A couple of minutes into the movie a timer went off in the kitchen, Snivellus got up from his spot and went to get the tart out of the oven. James had watched as his figure retreated, definitely not looking at a certain area that his robes usually covered.

He tried to focus on the movie, he really did, but he couldn’t stop thinking about the current situation. Why is Snivellus living with Padfoot? Why did Padfoot allow a death eater into his flat? When did they start referring to each other by their first names? Why didn’t Snape ever call him by *his* first name?

James shook his head, he was going mad. He had Lily, the girl he dreamed of, the girl he chased since first year. Lily was bright, with green eyes and red hair, when she entered a room everyone’s attention was drawn to her. Unlike her friend, who was dark where Lily was

light. With hair like ink and eyes so void of color they drew you in, like a planet near a black hole, a moth to a flame, or a magnet to metal. No one would notice him entering a room, he blended in with the crowd that is until your eyes landed on him, and suddenly you couldn't look away.

That was what happened to James, since first year he had sought him out in the mass of Slytherins. When he finally found him he *needed* the Slytherin to look back, to acknowledge his existence. When he didn't, the Gryffindor would become pissed, hexing the boy, teaching him a lesson. Making him his sole focus, putting those dark irises on him and him alone.

He tried to watch the movie but realised that he had spaced out for too long to figure out what in Merlin's pants was going on. Something about "the force" and "Vader", he wasn't paying attention. When he looked over at his mates they all had their eyes glued to the screen, Moony and Wormtail at the edge of their seats. Padfoot was watching more casually, he had already known what was happening and opted instead to run his hands through the Slytherin's hair, which was now down. Snivellus had his head resting on the Gryffindor's knee, watching the movie and not acknowledging the fingers running through his hair, making small braids before undoing them. It looked domestic, the casualness of their touching made something twist in James's stomach. He forced himself to look away.

When the credits started rolling Moony and Wormtail were released from their trance, Sirius and Snivellus had unattached themselves moments before.

"That was bloody brilliant!" Wormtail exclaimed, Moony nodding along.

Sirius had a smug look on his face, "See? I told you it was good."

The three started talking animatedly about the plot of the movie. James attempted to follow along but not properly watching the movie made it difficult.

A couple minutes later Snape excused himself, going off to his room. "Make sure to clean up after yourselves." was his parting words.

Sirius looked almost disappointed to see the Slytherin leave but James shifted his attention by mentioning the alcohol he had brought. The marauders started to drink and chat, catching up for the couple of days that they hadn't seen each other, there wasn't much new information to share.

"So Padfoot, you mentioned retiring your title, does that mean you have a special someone now?" James asked while Wormtail made obnoxious kissing noises.

Sirius turned uncharacteristically bashful, his cheeks reddening slightly, "I actually have been seeing someone for a while now..."

That piqued James's interest, "How long?"

"Erm, two years." He mumbled into his glass before taking a large gulp, ignoring the shocked faces of his mates.

"Two years?!" the trio yelled. That meant it had to have been in fifth year. Looking back on it Pads did stop mentioning his escapades around that time. Though why didn't he tell James? Sirius told James *everything*, why was this different?

"Merlin, she must be a good shag!" Wormtail interjected.

Sirius coughed slightly, "Yeah they are, I-I really like them..."

Moony frowned at his mate's wording, "Sirius, is this special someone a bloke?.. Is that why you haven't gone public with it yet?"

Padfoot's eyes widened slightly, "No! I mean yes- they're a bloke but that's not the reason why we've been keeping it a secret. We're just nervous about how our friends are going to take it, you know us being in different houses and all that."

Moony's eyes softened at that, "Pads we wouldn't care who you were dating as long as you were happy."

"Even if they were a Slytherin?" Sirius asked insecurity lacing his voice.

A flash of surprise hit the trio a second time in the last hour, Remus being the fastest to recover, "Of course, we wouldn't mind!"

Sirius was dating a Slytherin? That was more shocking than the bloke part, James is not ashamed to admit that he has found a handful of blokes attractive in his lifetime; So he understands where Sirius is coming from with that. But a Slytherin? His best mate has let his hatred for the house be well-known. Unlike James, who only found them mildly annoying, Sirius had considered the house of snakes the bane of his existence. Whoever this Slytherin is he must be special.

"I'll admit, it'll be weird seeing you with a bloke but I also support you," Peter gave a smile that quickly turned mischievous, "Tired of giving, wanted a row at receiving eh Pads?" he asked, wiggling his eyebrows. James choked on his beverage.

Contrary to popular belief, Wormtail was the most dirty-mouthed and minded of the group, he'd play the innocent, stuttering, boy out in public but in private he was quite raunchy, to say the least.

Sirius spluttered while Wormtail cackled, "Hey! I'll have you know *I'm* the giver!"

Padfoot then turned to James looking at him expectantly, oh right, he wanted to know the Gryffindor's opinion. "Erm... I don't mind either, as long as they're not a Death Eater or anything."

His best mate's shoulders relaxed, "Great, now let's stop this sappy talk and get to drinking!" The marauders clinked their glasses and downed their drinks, the alcohol keeping them warm.

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Severus awoke to Sirius loudly opening and closing the door to their room. He made his way over to their bed and flopped next to Severus. "You look like you had a good time." The Slytherin said, brushing the curls away from the Gryffindor's forehead.

Sirius scooped closer to Severus, throwing an arm around him and pulling him close. "Hmmm yeah." He shoved his face into the paler man's neck, "thank you."

The Slytherin let out a huff of laughter, "Why are you thanking me?" he could tell Sirius had been drinking, he could smell the alcohol on his breath. He wasn't drunk however, he knew not to get to that point. The last thing he wanted was to possibly trigger his partner.

"For being nice to my friends, I know it wasn't easy for you." He said, kissing Severus's neck.

"Well they're important to you, I don't want to force you to choose between your best mates or boyfriend. Besides, Lupin isn't so bad and I'm warming up a bit to Pettigrew." Severus said as his partner's hands started to roam his body.

Sirius paused, lifting himself to look Severus in the eye, "and James?"

Severus frowned, Potter was a precious person to Sirius, they were practically brothers. "I'm trying Sirius, but he was very distant. I can only do so much."

Sirius looked at him for a moment, thinking before suddenly saying, "I'd choose you."

The Slytherin's eyes widened slightly, "What?"

"If they didn't accept you, if *James* didn't accept you, I would choose you over them." He moved a stray lock of hair from the Slytherin's face, "Marry me?"

Severus baulked, “What?! Are you crazy Sirius?!”

Sirius just gave him a smirk, “I’m crazy about you.”

Severus rolled his eyes at the ill-timed joke. “We’re too young, you’ll regret it.” He said, self-doubt filling his mind.

The Gryffindor scowled, “No I won’t! I don’t want you to be with anyone else and I don’t want to be with anyone but you.”

The Slytherin remained quiet for a moment, he wanted that as well. Merlin, they were practically married already, living in the same flat for almost two years now. Though there had been an undercurrent of anxiety running through him. He had never been with anyone other than Sirius, the Gryffindor had been his first everything. Then he had looked into the ex-heir’s eyes, the sincerity that poured out from them, the pleading for him to say yes, the hint of possessiveness that was always present when he looked at him. It all took turns weathering away Severus’s doubts.

He swallowed, “Okay.”

The Gryffindor had given him the brightest smile he had ever seen before kissing him passionately. It had been charming at the moment until he felt something poking his stomach. “Really Black?” he asked unamused.

“I can’t help it! You’ve been driving me crazy since dinner.” He said, going back to peppering kisses on his *fiancé*.

“Dinner?! Sirius, that was hours ago, you were like this the entire time?!” He asked, astonished.

Sirius pressed himself closer, “What? Can you blame me? You were between my legs for two hours, my mind started to wonder!”

Merlin, why did he agree to this?

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James had fluffed up his pillow, trying to get comfortable on the floor. Peter had left a couple of hours ago, not wanting to be hungover for his trip. Remus and James had stayed, however, becoming too sloshed to apparate without a high chance of splinching themselves. The trio had eaten the tart as a way to slightly sober themselves before bed. It had been the best treacle dessert the Gryffindor had ever eaten.

Sirius had gone to bed soon after, leaving Remus and James to fight for the couch which they had done so through rock, paper, scissors. Remus had won which left James to sleep on the floor.

“Say Moony,” James said, turning to face the lycanthrope, “do you think Sniv introduced Sirius to his boyfriend, you know, him being in Slytherin and all?”

The werewolf had given him *that* look again, “James you’re a dumbass.”

James gaped, “What?”

“You do know that Sirius’s flat only has one room right?” Remus asked.

James’s brows furrowed, “What does that have to do with anything?”

Remus rolled his eyes, turning his back to the Potter heir, “You’re hopeless.”

December 23rd 1980

Chapter Summary

Three years later... (feat. Baby Harry)

Chapter Notes

I hope you enjoy this chapter, 99% of the chapter is James being horny for Severus lol

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

James had found out many months later what Remus had meant. It wasn't through logic or anything of the sort, no, it was from accidentally catching them snogging that James had deduced that *Snape* was the Slytherin boyfriend in question.

It was a few years after the incident and he could still remember it vividly. They had just won the house cup, the players were crowded by the rest of the Gryffindors on the pitch. It had taken a long time to wade through the sea of people patting him on the back and cheering. He made his way to Lily who was on the outskirts of the field.

She smiled coyly at him, "Good job James." she said.

He had brightened a bit at the fact that she had used his first name. Even though they had been dating for months and knew each other for years, the redhead preferred to call James by his last name which irritated the young heir.

Giving her a bright smile back he grabbed her hand and brought it to his lips, placing a chaste kiss on it. She gave him a tight grin before pulling away quickly after, "I'm going to go do our transfiguration homework, would you like to join?" she asked.

James' smile faltered slightly, the witch was always so serious about her studies never allowing for a second to be distracted. He didn't understand it, Snape was able to balance both entertaining Sirius and making high marks, why couldn't she? Merlin, they had just won the cup! Why not celebrate?

"I'd love to! Let me just get changed and I'll meet you up there yeah?" She answered him with a slight nod, then started walking towards the Hogwarts castle. He watched her figure for a moment before turning.

The chaser made his way to the quidditch changing rooms when he heard strange noises coming from behind the building. It was a dumb decision really but he wasn't thinking at the moment and went to investigate. He knew what he'd see, it was a popular spot for couples to snog each other without professors catching them. Though for some odd reason, he still went to check nonetheless.

That was when he saw them. Snape up against the wall of the building, Sirius pushing him into it. He froze as he took in the sight. Pads was practically dry-humping the Slytherin while assaulting his mouth. The sounds the both of them were making were lurid. He had never snogged Lily like that before, it was all so... passionate.

Onyx eyes met his and the Slytherin suddenly froze, eyes widening before pushing the Gryffindor away. Sirius let out a noise of confusion and followed his lover's gaze. Pad's eyes also widened for a split second before returning to normal once he had recognized who had caught them.

A sly grin came onto the Gryffindor's face, "Sorry for scaring ya Prongs. We were just celebrating our victory!" he said, sliding his hand down to the Slytherin's arse, pulling him in closer. Snape let out a surprised squeak at the unexpected movement.

James swallowed as he looked at Slytherin, his dishevelled hair, shirt partially unbuttoned and rumpled revealing a trail of love bites, and face as red as the uniforms they were wearing. He had looked...

"It's all good mate, sorry for interrupting!" He said, ignoring the crack in his voice before making his way into the changing rooms.

When he arrived at the library Lily looked pissed, “What took you so long?” she asked.

“Uniform was a pain to get off.” He said. Technically James was not lying to the girl, his uniform was difficult to take off due to a little problem he had though that was neither here nor there. He sat down, hoping the witch would figure his ragged breathing and red face were from the run here and *not* a certain Slytherin.

He couldn't wrap his head around their relationship, *Snape*? Sirius was the most sought-after bloke in Hogwarts, he could have his pick of anyone he wanted and he just had to choose *him*. And why did the Slytherin accept it? Sirius was just as bad, if not worse than James when it came to harassing the poor boy. James had his reasons for messing with the git but Sirius had none; So why did he choose him?

The Slytherin haunted his mind after that, more so than before. Before he hadn't known what the slimy snake had looked like after getting properly snogged, now he did. The bruised lips, red cheeks, the look in his eyes. At night James would imagine *himself* doing that to the Slytherin. After the fifth night of imagining it, he had to come to terms with the fact that he had found the half-blood attractive.

Then the git and his best mate got married. It was a shock to the Potter heir, he didn't imagine that Padfoot would be the type of bloke to settle down. He had expected the ex-heir to get bored and toss the Slytherin to the curb as he had done with all his escapades. Then James could've swooped in and-

No, he wouldn't do that to Pads... Would he? He thought about it sometimes, what he'd do if the Slytherin had ever come onto him. If he'd accept or if he'd push away for the sake of his best mate's feelings. In those fantasies he never found himself picking the latter option. Merlin, he was a terrible friend.

He had married Lily soon after Sirius's marriage. As heir to the Potter house he needed to secure a spouse and produce another heir, he had to move quicker than he would've liked due to the war. Soon after marrying the girl, she became pregnant, being a husband and a father helped distract him from thinking about it, about *him*.

That was until recently. Before this moment he had avoided the Slytherin, not attending events he knew that the git would be at, not going over to Padfoot's house; anything to not see him. But now he was forced to live with the bloke for a couple of months, shite. All because of some hogwash prophecy.

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They had a small order meeting only consisting of a few members, Dumbledore, Sirius, Lily, and himself. He looked around the room in confusion, "Where is everyone?" he asked the headmaster.

He noticed that the usual sparkle in the headmaster's eyes was missing, "I'm afraid I have some terrible news..."

James felt something drop to the pit of his stomach. This wouldn't be good...

Dumbledore let out a heavy sigh and explained to them the prophecy, a prophecy that perfectly described *them* that perfectly described *Harry*. A sense of dread washed over him, "So he wants to kill us? To kill our son?!" He asked, while his wife sobbed.

"Well there are two children who fit this description I'm afraid, you are *both* going into hiding. Sirius offered up his house for you all to stay in for the time being." Dumbledore said.

The couple both looked over to the ex-heir, "Why?" James asked.

Sirius awkwardly scratched the back of his neck, "Well, my spot's already harbouring someone and has a Fidelius charm already set in place... I just thought it'd be easier." he said.

After graduation Sirius and Severus had moved house, opting for some place bigger. James didn't know *how* they had managed to get such a nice place nor would he ask. He quickly

found out the other person they were hiding from he-who-must-not-be-named was none other than Sirius's younger brother. They opted to pull him out of school, teaching him the curriculum and testing out instead.

The Potters had moved in during October, it was now two months later and it hadn't gotten any easier for James to deal with the Slytherin. He didn't know what to call him now, he wasn't a Snape anymore and they weren't close enough to go by first name so he had reverted to calling him by his house's name.

The couple were a lot more affectionate in the comfort of their own home than they were at Hogwarts, much to James's annoyance. Sirius initiated most of it, casually touching the Slytherin, coming up from behind and wrapping his arms around him when he thought no one was looking, James was. He couldn't look away, witnessing every touch to the hip, waist, and small of the Slytherin's back. Luckily the couple never snogged one another in front of company. However, every interaction gave a slight twist to James's stomach.

Lily wasn't as susceptible to that kind of affection, she'd swat his hand away whenever he'd try. She'd say she wasn't in the mood. James would frown, he didn't expect the touching to lead to *shagging*, he had just wanted to feel her. He had just wanted to feel how those two felt, to have what they had.

He and Lily were not like them though. The only affection they showed one another was in the bedroom when Lily was in the mood, which was rarely. James understood, he did, it was difficult to think about sex when all you could contemplate was the safety of your friends and family.

But James had just wanted some kind of love, a kiss on the cheek, a cuddle on the couch, hell a smile in his general direction! Lily had not given any of that to him and would accept none of that in return. It was maddening.

He spent most of his time outside, the charm had worked to the gates of the house so he didn't worry about death eaters seeing him. He would work in the garden where the Slytherin had grown potion ingredients. He would take Harry out there so the poor boy could get some fresh air. Sometimes, like today, he would just sit on the porch and think.

It wasn't until the sun started to set that the Gryffindor realised how long he'd been out there. He stood up, his legs tingling as he entered the house. As soon as he opened the door a heavenly scent filled the air, the Slytherin must be cooking.

He made his way to the kitchen before stopping at the archway and taking in the scene in front of him. The Slytherin was cooking yes, but on his chest wrapped in a towel-like cloth was Harry. His son was gnawing at his hand and babbling, Severus replying to him as if he were actually talking. The scene was so domestic. The Slytherin turned to grab something, catching him staring.

His face became closed off which was to be expected. The Slytherin had only shared his warmth with very few people. "Oh Potter, you're back. You can take the little demon then?" He asked.

He hadn't moved, however, watching the pair who stared back at him. "Erm where's Lily?" he asked, wondering why the Slytherin was having to cook *and* take care of baby Harry.

Realising the Gryffindor was not going to retrieve the child he sighed, "She's not feeling too good. I offered to watch Harry while she took a nap." he shrugged.

Before he could reply the front door had opened and closed with a loud bang, heavy footsteps making their way to where the trio were. He knew from the loudness that it was none other than Pads.

"I'm home!" He announced from the archway. He paused for a moment, taking in the sight of his husband and godson before making his way over to them.

He placed a sloppy, extra loud kiss on his partner's cheek, Harry giggled at the disgusted look the Slytherin had on his face. "Stop slobbering on me, and watch out for Harry!" he playfully nagged.

Sirius looked down at his godson while Harry looked up at him, "Oh I almost forgot you were there!" he said as he grabbed Harry out of his wrap. The baby laughed as the ex-heir

played with him. James had watched, jealousy rearing its ugly head in the forefront of his mind.

Padfoot handed Harry back over to James, “You behave now.” he said, pointing his finger at the baby who grabbed it in turn. James looked over to his best mate’s husband to see a fond look on his face and a trace of a smile as he watched his partner interact with the infant.

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Dinner was a casual affair, Sirius let them in on his auror duties. Being in hiding James and Lily had to take temporary leave, he missed the thrill of fighting death eaters. Staying locked inside a house for months on end was maddening but he did it for his son’s safety.

The two Slytherins usually stayed quiet during meals or opted to talk amongst themselves. If you told James three years ago that he would eventually be living with not one but two Slytherins he would’ve called you mad. Now if you told him that his best mate was going to marry a certain git and that same git would be the godfather of his child he would’ve sent you to Saint Mungo’s

After the group finished eating they made their way to the living room to continue chatting. When sitting down on the couch Sirius grabbed Severus by the hips and pulled him onto his lap. Severus had reluctantly stayed there as Sirius trapped him, putting his hands on the Slytherin’s stomach.

“Merlin, can you leave your hands off each other for one second?” Regulus complained, and James silently agreed.

Severus rolled his eyes, “Blame Sirius, he won’t leave me alone.” he said as he leaned further back into the Gryffindor.

“I can’t help myself!” Sirius said as if it was a proper defense.

“Well, I think it’s sweet,” Lily interjected. James had felt annoyance at that remark, he had tried to do those kinds of things to her but she wouldn’t let him.

“Well then, do you want to trade?” Severus quipped which caused James to choke on his spit.

Everyone besides James had taken the joke in good fun, Sirius even playing along and pretending to be hurt. But when no one else was looking the animagus had sent a hard glare to the Potter heir. James froze, did Sirius know? No, he couldn’t, James had been rather subtle about his attraction towards his best mate’s husband. He must be imagining things.

Right?

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That night Lily had rejected James's advances, again, so he turned to himself for pleasure. He replayed the scene in the kitchen in his mind, though changing a couple of aspects. He imagined that *he* was Severus’s husband and that Harry was theirs.

He came in from a long day at work, made his way to the kitchen, and saw his husband cooking dinner with their son wrapped to his chest. He gave James a warm smile, “Tough day?” he asked.

James let out a sigh, walking up to the man and hugging him from behind as he cooked. “There was an attack on a muggle village, managed to stop it before any fatalities.” He said into Severus’s smooth, pale neck.

He gave a sympathetic hum, “You must be tired.”

“Mmm yeah,” He said as he started to place kisses on his husband’s skin.

Severus was quiet for a moment, “How about after dinner I put Harry to bed and run you a bath?” he asked. James felt a stirring in his crotch.

“Will you join me?” He asked hopefully.

“We’ll see,” Severus said before placing a kiss on his jaw.

They ate and Severus had guided him to the sitting room, pouring him a glass of scotch to drink while he put Harry to bed. When he came back James had grabbed him by the wrist and pulled him down. Severus let out a small gasp as he landed on the Gryffindor’s lap.

“Oh,” was all his husband said as he felt *it*.

James had gone back to kissing the Slytherin's neck, “Need you.” He said in between kisses.

Severus had given him a knowing smirk and pushed off of him. The Gryffindor had almost protested until he saw him sink to the ground, his thin pale hands unbuckling his trousers.

Oh. *oh*.

James had finished before he could continue imagining what would happen next. It was the hardest he think he ever finished. It left him panting, he probably would’ve moaned when he released if his wife wasn’t sleeping next to him. He laid there for a moment, covered in a thin sheen of sweat, chest rising up and down rapidly as he tried to catch his breath. Merlin, he was fucked up. Imagining someone else with his wife lying next to him. Even worse, that someone else being his best mate’s husband.

Suddenly reality hit him, and he ran to the bathroom to wash off the stickiness and sin. He was overheated, his heart still beating rapidly from the high, and he needed some water. Padding his way to the kitchen he ran into Sirius, he was leaning on the counter, drinking from a glass.

“Oh hey,” he said when he caught James standing in the doorway.

James walked over to the cabinets, grabbing a glass, “hey..” he said before filling his glass with water.

Pads was quiet which was unusual for the boisterous Gryffindor. Curious, James looked over to his mate, his jaw was clinched and his eyebrows pinched. “What’s got your wand in a knot?” He asked before gulping down some water.

“When do you know that you’re ready...” He murmured.

James gave him a confused look, “Ready for what?” he asked.

“For k-kids... erm nevermind, forget that we talked about-”

“You’ll never be ready.” James interrupted, Sirius closed his mouth, listening intently. “You *think* you will be but no matter how many books you’ve read or how many babies you’ve looked after you’ll never be fully ready.” He said.

Padfoot nodded, looking at the ground. “Does he not want kids?” James asked, unable to say the Slytherin’s name out loud.

“It’s not that, he’s just... scared. His home life was a lot like mine, we don’t know the first thing about healthy households.” He said, rubbing the back of his neck.

James swallowed, “If it’s any consolation, you’re both great with Harry.” He said. It felt sick in a way, helping his best mate with his partner, the same partner he had just-

Padfoot smiled brightly at that, “Thanks mate, you’re a good friend.” he said, slapping James’s arm.

James watched Pads leave, a twisted feeling returning in his gut. He was wrong, he was a *horrible* friend.

Chapter End Notes

To the one-sided James x Severus lovers out there I hope I fed you well with this chapter! I'm ngl I had a lot of fun writing it (I'm a terrible person).

December 23rd 1991

Chapter Notes

The beginning of this chapter is heavy on the "James being an A-hole" tag lol. I hope you enjoy!

Tw Mentions of past child abuse

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Voldemort was dead, the war was over. James was relieved not only because his family was safe but also because he could finally pack up and leave. They had been staying cooped up in the house for nearly a year.

A year of lusting after his best mate's husband, a year of having to watch them be loving towards one another, a year of bickering with Lily. It was all too much for the poor bloke, everything almost exploded in the pureblood's face a couple of days before the end of the war.

It was late at night, the pureblood was banished to the couch by Lily. Instead of sleeping, he had gotten into a bottle of liquor. He sat there, drinking away his feelings, it helped a bit in suppressing his emotions. They were still there but they were dulled, easier to handle.

Severus had entered the living room once he made it halfway through the bottle. James had almost thought he was dreaming him up for a second. The half-blood was in one of Padfoot's band tees, he remembered the bloke wearing that shirt anytime they ventured out into the muggle world. It was loose on the Slytherin, the shirt's hem stopped at the halfway point of his thigh, and after that, it was just bare leg.

James visibly swallowed as he stared at the pale, slender thighs. Severus stopped suddenly when he realised there was someone else in the room. "Oh- Potter, I didn't see you there," He said, his face suddenly red due to the embarrassment of his ex-school bully seeing him in such a state.

“S’okay,” James slurred out a bit, making Severus frown.

James could tell the moment that the Slytherin had noticed the bottle. “Are you *drunk*?” He asked but before James could answer Severus had made his way over to the Gryffindor, snatching the bottle from his hands. “*Merlin*, did you drink all of this?” Severus asked, eyes widening.

James had just stared dumbly at the man. The neckline of the shirt was loose, exposing the love bites on his collarbone. Looking up at the Slytherin’s face he sees the bruising of his lips, the faint pink to his cheeks, and the slight dilation still in his pupils. The Slytherin had just been shagged. *Merlin*, he looked good.

He was probably coming down to get a drink before he stumbled across the inebriated Gryffindor. Severus’s expression turned worried when James didn’t reply, “You stay here,” the Slytherin said, “I’ll get you some water.”

James’s eyes trailed after him, noticing the bite mark on the inner part of his thigh. He imagined what it would feel like to bite him there, what noises he would make. James was going to have a hard time, no scratch that, he was *currently* having a hard time.

The Slytherin came back with what he had promised. “Drink,” Severus demanded as he pushed the glass into James’s hand. His hands were soft and cold, James was so overheated from the alcohol that all he could think about was letting those hands roam his body. How they would feel wrapped around his-

James complied with the Slytherin’s demands, downing the beverage. He only managed to drink half of it, the other half falling onto his lap. Severus scoffed and summoned a towel, handing it to James who tried to dry himself to the best of his ability. His clothes started to cling to his body, thankfully the cold water helped down his arousal but only by a little.

“Why don’t you just spell my clothes dry?” he complained.

Severus crossed his arms, “You deserve this, *this* is what happens when you drink your feelings away.”

James slumped on the couch, glaring at the Slytherin, “Haven’t you been punishing me enough?” he choked out.

He must’ve looked pathetic at that moment as Severus’s face softened a bit at that, “What happened?” He asked, sitting next to the Gryffindor.

James looked at him for a moment, they lived in the same house for a year now and the Slytherin had never sat next to him. The closest he’d get is when Pads would be sitting between them. He smelled good and all he could do was stare at his lips, even doused in cold water his groin had still managed to stir at the thought of placing a chaste kiss on them. He thought about it for a moment, kissing him right now just to see the Slytherin’s eyes widen but he refrained.

“What do you mean?” James said densely.

He frowned at that, “You wouldn’t drink like that if you weren’t going through something.” he said softly.

It was all too much for the pureblood, the Slytherin was so close to him and was being so nice. He had to ruin it by saying the first thing that came to mind, “Why do *you* care?” James had spat out like a petulant child, he had meant it to come out more delicately but the alcohol gave it a whiny edge.

Severus’s eyes lost a little of their softness, “I care because you can’t drink away your problems Potter, you have a family now.”

He felt himself prickle at that, “I’m not a drunkard for Merlin’s sake, I just did it this one time!”

The Slytherin didn’t back down, it was like they were back in Hogwarts. “One time soon becomes daily if you never *talk* about your feelings like an adult.”

James felt it again, the need to retaliate against the Slytherin. The need to take out his frustrations on him. *This* was all Severus's fault anyway, he is the cause of all of James's issues right now. He had to punish him in some way. He couldn't hold back what he said next, "Just because I drank one bloody time doesn't mean I'm going to beat my wife and child. I'm not like your fucking dad!" he spat.

Severus had flinched hard at that, "I- w-who told you that?" James felt a twinge of guilt at how affected the Slytherin seemed to be. "Was it Sirius?" He asked, sounding heartbroken, scared almost.

James had almost wanted to lie at that moment, say yes, get them to argue as he and Lily argue. Get him to believe that Sirius had betrayed his trust and told his dirty little secret to his ex-school bully. However he couldn't do that to Padfoot, "It was Lily." He bit out.

Severus closed his eyes and let out a long sigh, "I see," he said before getting up, "well I'm going-"

The Gryffindor grabbed his wrist before he could finish his sentence, "Wait! I'm sorry, I want a divorce..." James revealed.

The Slytherin's eyes widened, "Why?" he asked.

James let out a long exhale through his nose, "Nothing happened, I just- fell out of love. We argue all the bloody time! It's all your fault!"

Severus grimaced, "How is it *my* fault?! I thought by now it'd be pretty obvious that I don't want your wife." he spat, trying to pull his arm free.

James had held on, pulling him back. A particularly hard yank from Severus sent James to an upright position. Unfortunately, James's legs gave out, the alcohol turning them into jelly. He landed on top of the Slytherin. Since James was drunk and unintentionally used Severus

to soften his fall, he hadn't felt much. He did however hear the man underneath him let out a painful wince.

He lifted himself with his arms, everything but his shoulders up pressed flush against the Slytherin. They were so close that James could count each of his eyelashes, "Are you okay?" he asked.

Severus started squirming, and James had to bite back a moan. "I will be once you get *up*!" He huffed.

There was one thing on James that was up and by the way that the Slytherin had froze, he had felt it too. Suddenly sober, James scrambled off the Slytherin, "I'm so sorry! Oh Merlin-"

Severus got up, brushing himself off before turning to the Gryffindor, "James, it's okay. That's a natural thing that randomly happens to plenty of blokes when drunk. Now calm down and tell me how the hell you wanting to divorce my friend is *my* fault." He had wanted to tell him that it wasn't the alcohol, that it was *him* it was always him and *that* was the issue.

James swallowed, sitting back down on the couch, his mouth started moving on its own, "I can't stop thinking about you, I think I fucked up." he croaked out.

Severus's brows furrowed, "James, you're drunk and confused."

James huffed, "I may be drunk but I am *not* confused. You can't tell me that you've never thought about it? What it would be like to be with someone else." *with me*, he had wanted to say.

James had thought about it all the time, why did he have to pick the wrong person? He knew why, Lily was bright, he saw her first so he chased her; it wasn't until later that he finally saw Severus, was pulled in by him. Sadly he found it out too late.

Severus seemed pissed that James would even suggest that, “No, I don’t think about that. I’m very happy with your *friend*,” he emphasised the last part, reminding James who he was talking to.

He frowned, “Why him?” James asked, a lump starting to form in his throat.

Severus raised an eyebrow at that, “Are you asking why him or,” he got closer to the Gryffindor, “why not you?” he bit out.

James had looked at him, awaiting his answer. He looked disgusted at the Gryffindor and James couldn’t blame him.

Severus sighed, “Well first off he *apologised*, something if you recall you’ve never done. In all the years we’ve been amicable you still haven’t said sorry for assaulting me, for stripping me in front of the school, for-”

The Gryffindor suddenly took Severus’s hands into his, “Severus, I’m-”

“Sev?” They both snapped their heads over to the new voice, it was Sirius. He was standing where Severus was when he had initially caught James. Like Severus he was half dressed though he was in only his trousers, his muscular frame was on full display which terrified James even more. He had caught them in a *not-good* position, James holding his husband’s hands looking to be begging while the Slytherin tried to pull away.

Merlin, it looked like he was coming on to him! He quickly moved away from the Slytherin who made his way over to his husband. Sirius looked like he was seconds from ripping James’s head off.

Severus grabbed Sirius by the chin, forcing his eyes onto him. They seemed to be communicating telepathically as Sirius's shoulders relaxed slightly. He put his hands on his husband's waist, bringing him in and placing a light peck on his forehead. “Go back to bed love, I need to have a word with James,” he said.

James stiffened even more at that. Severus took a quick worried glance between the two before going back to their room. Now James was all alone with the dangerous beast.

Sirius slowly made his way over, James quickly stood up, if he was going to attack him he'd have a fighting chance if he was standing. The truth was Sirius was a lot stronger than James, and unlike the Potter heir, he knew how to fight the muggle way. "I was letting this slide before," He said.

James blinked, "What slide?" he asked dumbly.

Sirius ignored the question, "If I ever see you touch him again Lily will be a widow." He spat out, poking hard at James's chest.

"Look I-"

"James, I let a lot go when I was younger. I used to put you before him, but ever since we got together I gave you three chances, and you have already used up two of them." He said.

James blinked, "W-what was the second one?"

"That bullshit you pulled during OWLs. If we weren't hiding our relationship back then I would have beaten your arse in front of the whole school," he snapped.

He remembered it back then, Pads trying to convince him not to pull the prank. When James seemed dead set on it Sirius had tried convincing him to use another target. He remembered how cold Sirius got, how for the rest of that year and halfway into sixth he would run off somewhere. James supposed now that he was with Severus those times.

"If I didn't love you like a brother, if I didn't see Harry and Lily as a part of my family I would've kicked you out of this damn house for what you just did," he spat.

“Pads all I did was-”

Sirius grabbed his arm in a fierce grip, “I don’t care, you don’t touch things that don’t belong to you James. I *let* you look, I *let* you fantasise, but I am not letting you put your hands on him.” The look in his eyes was wild, it was the infamous black madness, James had seen it before but never directed at him. It was bloody terrifying.

James swallowed, “O-okay Pads, calm down-”

Sirius let go of his arm, “Glad we could have this talk,” he said before returning to his bedroom. James watched his retreating figure while nursing his arm.

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Ten years later and things had gone to shite in James’s life. He and Lily had divorced after two years of trying to make it work. He hadn’t seen much of Padfoot, unlike before when he used to go out of his way to make time for him Sirius had just shown up to marauders hangouts planned by Moony or Wormtail.

James coped by throwing himself into work which led him to still being single at the age of 31. He’d go to pubs, shagged whoever caught his eye, not acknowledging that all his escapades had ink-black hair and pale skin.

He stood at platform 9 ¾, waiting for his son to come off the train. It was winter holiday and while Lily usually got the boy she was off on her honeymoon. He was happy for her, truly, Macdonald was a nice girl. However, that now meant that *he* had to take Harry over to Padfoot’s house.

James hadn’t stepped foot in there since the war had ended, he couldn’t after the arse he made of himself. But he had to for Harry, the boy was close with their son and went over there every December twenty-third. He’d pitch a fit if he refused to take him.

He was looking around the station and that's when he saw *them* . Padfoot and his husband were also there, Severus had looked the same as he had ten years ago only now with slightly longer hair. He looked good, James had to force his eyes away before either of them noticed.

Thankfully the train pulled into the station, kids pouring out of the locomotive. He saw Harry, who was walking with a Slytherin boy. The other boy's eyes widened as they landed on something, "Dads!" he yelled.

He ran over to where Sirius and Severus were, jumping into Padfoot's arms as the older man let out a grunt. "You're getting *too* big for this pup," he breathed out.

"Theo honey, you know that your father is getting old. If you keep doing that you're going to break his hip." the boy in question started snickering while Sirius protested. Severus put a hand on the boy's back who turned and hugged him as well, softer than the one he gave Sirius.

"Missed you," the boy said into Severus's clothes.

Severus raised an eyebrow at that, "Did you miss me or my cooking?" he asked.

The boy was silent for a moment, "...both." he said, his father chuckling and running a hand through his brown hair.

His laugh was nice, James had to look away from the warm scene. He had heard from Lily that they adopted a boy, Theodore, only a few months after the war. The boy had been rejected from eight other families due to the fact that his parents were death eaters. Specifically his father, Nott, who was one of the original members. They seemed a good fit for the boy, James was happy for his friend.

He couldn't help but find it ironic, he remembered feeling bad for Sirius when he found out the snake was his roommate. He thought the git would ruin his life. Now James was the one with the fucked life while Padfoot had a loving family, a beautiful spouse, and a big warm home to come home to after work.

He looked over to his son who seemed to have a sad almost longing look on his face. James walked over to him, putting a hand on his shoulder, "You ready to go?"

"Yeah..." Harry said. He grabbed his son's luggage, making their way back to James's flat.

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Sirius helped set the table for when Harry and James arrived. The animagus grimaced at the thought of James coming back over, he purposely distanced himself from the pureblood in fear of his madness getting the best of him and hurting the poor bloke. They both worked as Aurors and would exchange pleasantries whenever crossing each other's path but that was about the extent of their friendship.

Someone knocked, "I got it!" his son yelled, running over to greet his friend.

He and Harry had both yelled each other's names once he opened the door, pulling one another into a fierce hug. Sirius smiled warmly at that, it had reminded him of James and himself back in those times. He missed it sometimes, how he and James used to be but Sirius was happier now than he ever was. He was married to the love of his life, and they created the healthy home that they had wanted as children themselves.

"You'd think they hadn't seen each other for months.." his husband said under his breath, Sirius chuckled, watching the scene.

Once the boys let go of one another Sirius and Severus went over to greet the new arrivals. Sirius went to welcome James, slapping him on the shoulder. He noticed how tired and somber he was lately, he didn't want to give his friend a hard time.

Harry made his way over to Severus giving him a shy smile, "H-hello Uncle Severus," he said.

Severus gave him a warm smile, “Hello Harry, how’s my favourite nephew?” he asked, pulling him into a hug. His husband always had a soft spot for the young Gryffindor, something Sirius used to make fun of him for.

“G-good,” Harry said, a faint blush on his cheeks as he averted his eyes.

Sirius froze. Oh Merlin , not mini James too!

Chapter End Notes

So this is technically the end of the story, the next chapter is a long prologue of Sirius and Severus's relationship and how they became roommates. I was originally going to make it the first chapter but thought it made it more interesting to start at a different point. So all the Sirius x Severus readers out there this next chapter is for y'all.

Also, I feel bad for dealing James the short end of the stick but I had to sacrifice his happiness for everyone else to end the story with a happy ending. I purposely left it open-ended though so you could choose if he manages to find anyone or if he dies alone lol

Hogwarts Years

Chapter Notes

TW: Child abuse (no explicit depictions, just mentions/references to it)

x

This is for the Sirius x Severus readers, finally a chapter solely on them lol. As I mentioned in the notes before this, this is a flashback chapter to show how exactly they became roommates.

x

I ended up having to rewrite this chapter multiple times. Once because I was not too fond of the end product and then another because I accidentally f-ed up the timeline. I hope you all end up liking it! This is my first time finishing a fic so I was/ still am a little nervous.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

1975

Sirius found himself transforming into Padfoot a lot since he and the rest of the marauders figured out how to shift. It was easier this way, being a dog. He didn't have to worry about his responsibilities as an heir or his mother's wrath. When things got to be too much, when he could feel himself spiralling into madness he'd turn into Padfoot and run away from it all.

His main area was the forbidden forest, its inhabitants paid him no mind and students never entered. Well, *most* students would not step foot in the forest.

Snape had shed his tattered outer robe, using it as a blanket as he sat on the grass, leaning against a tree trunk. He propped the book he was reading on his knees. This was a familiar sight for the animagus who had been meeting him here in the form of Padfoot for a few weeks now.

Though it was still a little strange to see the Slytherin's form without the oversized robes. Sure, his clothes were also baggy on his thin frame but nonetheless, it was as if he shed a layer of his armour.

Sirius took a couple of steps forward, trying to get a better look at him when a branch snapped underneath his paw. The Slytherin jolted, eyes widening and face somehow becoming paler when they landed on the dog. Padfoot paused, letting out an involuntary whine.

That was a downside of being an animagus, when he stayed in this form for too long he had a harder time controlling himself. He'd growl, whimper, and wag his tail completely out of his autonomy.

Snape's shoulders untensed slightly at the sound. Sirius took that as confirmation and moved closer, nudging him with his cold nose. The Slytherin brought his hand up behind the animagus's ear and started to scratch it. Padfoot's tail wagged in reply to the soothing motion. "It's you again, Merlin, you scared me!" he scolded half-heartedly.

Sirius wished that he could get this close to the Slytherin in human form, that he'd also run his hands through his hair and give him that beautiful smile. It lightened his face, warmed his eyes, and the Gryffindor couldn't help but stare at the small dimple that would appear on his left cheek. When he first witnessed that smile he came to the realisation that he fancied him.

It was the beginning of their fourth year. He was under the invisibility cloak with Prongs; the two attempting to execute their first prank of the year on the ride to Hogwarts. They were peaking through the windows of each compartment until they stumbled across *them*. Lily and Snape were alone in the farthest compartment, leaning into one another, talking and laughing. Sirius froze as he watched, Snivellus had looked...nice.

If he strained hard enough he could hear his melodic laugh. He was suddenly struck with a familiar feeling, he had gotten it when he saw the Slytherin with Regulus in the library, when Rosier would put his arm around him, when he caught Prongs looking at him.

Oh...he was jealous. He could feel the anger radiating off James at that moment, perhaps he was envious of Snape like Sirius had been of Lily.

They stood there for a long while, only being forced to move when they were almost run over by the treat cart. They ended up retreating to their compartment, completely forgetting about the prank.

For the next couple weeks all Sirius could think about was the half-blood. To be fair, he always thought about the git but now it was more than usual, it consumed him almost. He found himself avoiding birds, he didn't feel like snogging or even *flirting* with anyone other than the Slytherin. That's when he came up with a brilliant idea to fix his current predicament.

He ambushed the Slytherin while he was alone one day. "What do you want Black?" Snape spat, eyes darting around to see if the rest of the marauders were hiding. He looked like a cornered animal. The Gryffindor frowned at that, *Merlin* were they really *that* bad? He was a little disgusted with himself at the moment. Nevertheless, he pushed himself on, forcing himself to say what he had wanted to say.

Sirius closed his eyes, he had never been this nervous when asking before. However, he hadn't *felt* this way about anyone else. He took a deep breath before he confessed, "I need you to snog me." he said, his voice steady and firm but his hands slightly shaking.

Snape's eyes widened before his face twisted into a scowl, "A-are you mad?! If this is a prank it is *not* funny." he sputtered attempting to back away but was stopped by the wall behind him.

The Gryffindor took a step forward, "I swear I am not! I can't stop thinking about you!"" Once he kisses him he'll stop obsessing over him. It had been like that for every other person he had snogged, after he did so he'd *always* lose interest. The Heir had enjoyed the chase but was unenthusiastic in the things that followed after the "capture".

The Slytherin raised a brow at that, "No." he said, crossing his arms.

"Why not?!" Sirius asked, desperation lacing his voice.

Snape hesitated. Sirius must've looked particularly pathetic at that moment, begging for the person he had bullied for three years to snog him. The Slytherin let out a sigh, "I'll only do it at the end of the year... *if* you don't hex me for the rest of fourth. Only then will I..." His sentence died off, unable to say the word.

Sirius had brightened, “Deal!” He grabbed the Slytherin’s hand, shaking it vigorously, “You won’t regret this!”

Snape grimaced, yanking his hand out of Sirius’s, “I’m afraid I already have...” He said, rubbing his hand on his robes.

The Gryffindor had surprisingly stayed true to his word. He refrained from hexing the git. When he was with his mates he’d try to redirect their attention, and when that didn't work he'd purposely miss. It had been hard and Sirius was no saint, he resorted to hexing other Slytherins when the need became too much.

Before they headed to the train station to leave for the summer he pulled the Slytherin into an alcove. He gripped Snape by the arms, they had never been this close before. He suddenly felt nervous with those dark eyes on him, they were sucking him in almost.

"Erm okay- I'm just going to-" he leaned forward before hesitating, were the Slytherin's lashes always that long?

“For Merlin’s sake!” Snape said before grabbing the Gryffindor's face and pulling him down slightly. He felt a wave of warmth rush over him as the Slytherin’s lips pressed against his. That had knocked Sirius out of his stupor, pulling him closer and deepening the initially chaste kiss. Snape had let out a noise of surprise at the sudden movement.

After a minute they pulled away to breathe. The Slytherin had looked beautiful at that moment, cheeks pink, lips red, eyes slightly dazed. Sirius’s plan had *not* worked, he had gotten a taste and now he was addicted.

He was about to go in for another kiss when Snape pulled away from him, “Well,” he cleared his throat, straightening his robes, “d-did that work?” he asked.

Sirius was about to answer when suddenly Prong's voice could be heard yelling his name down the hall. Snape had quickly escaped at that moment. Sirius had felt an abrupt

emptiness, now it was only him, in a dark alcove, and a tingling feeling on his lips.

That was why Sirius couldn't reveal himself to the Slytherin. Snape had made sure to ignore him the first month of school, running off whenever he'd spot the Gryffindor. He had tried to respect Snape's wishes, he really did, but he found himself unable to stay away. His plan had backfired on him, he found himself thinking of him *more*, getting *angrier* when he saw others around him, others touching him.

So he did this, meeting him in animagus form every day after dinner. Sometimes he'd sit next to the Slytherin while he read, often the Slytherin would read to him and he'd find himself dozing off, other times he'd talk to him. Sirius had liked those days most, he enjoyed learning things about the Slytherin. The conversations would vary, he'd talk about things he liked or ideas he had for new spells or potions, other days he'd talk about deeper things.

On one of these days, he confided to the dog about a letter he received from his mother begging him to come home for holiday. The Slytherin had confessed that he was very nervous to do so but didn't expand on why that was. Sirius could figure it out well enough.

Everything came out a couple of weeks before winter break. Snape had been late which was unusual for the punctual Slytherin. He heard some unfamiliar voices on the outskirts of the forbidden forest. He crept slowly towards it, attempting to hide in the shadows.

That's when he saw them, Snape was held down by two of his housemates; a third one stood in front of him with his wand aiming at the half-blood. "You can't keep avoiding his meetings," the bloke said.

Snape gritted his teeth, "I told you, I'm *busy* ." he said. That had angered the Slytherins, one of the ones holding him down grabbed his head, shoving it into the ground.

Padfoot let out a growl at that. The three of them had startled, looking around for the source. He jumped out of the bushes, grabbing the closest one to him and biting down on his leg. He only let up once he felt he sunk his teeth in deep enough. The pureblood had cried out in pain, scurrying off with the rest of his friends who had already abandoned him like the cowards they were.

Snape had looked at him wide-eyed, perhaps startled that the friendly dog he had come to be familiar with had just mauled his housemate. Though Sirius wasn't concerned about that, he was more concerned over why the Slytherin wasn't standing up. Then his eyes had landed on his swollen ankle peeking out from his robes.

Without thinking he shifted back into human form, rubbing at his mouth to remove the taste of blood. A look of bewilderment spread on the Slytherin's face, "Black?!" he sputtered.

"Erm...yeah?" he asked, slightly abashed.

His stomach had twisted at the hurt expression Snape had given him, "I- were you-," he was unable to form a coherent question.

"We'll talk about this later, I'm taking you to the infirmary." He said before pulling the other into his arms, shrugging off his protests. Sirius had ignored for the moment how good it felt to have him so close.

"I can walk on my own!" Snape said, trying to wiggle out of his arms.

That had just made Sirius hold onto him tighter, "You weren't even able to get up! Now stop squirming, I don't want to drop you." He ordered and surprisingly enough the Slytherin had obeyed, though he wore a slightly grumpy look.

Thankfully he hadn't run into any students while carrying Snape. He didn't mind if people saw them but he knew that the Slytherin did not hold the same sentiment.

When he made it to the infirmary Pomfrey had helped guide him to a cot. He placed Snape gently down, giving him a charming smile which the Slytherin returned with a glare.

He watched Pomfrey go about examining his ankle, "Merlin! What happened?" she asked, tentatively touching the injury.

Snape winced, “I erm fell...” he said, giving Sirius a look when he started to open his mouth to reject.

The mediwitch tsked, “My Mr.Snape, always so clumsy,” she chastised, “It’s fractured, unfortunately, all I can do is wrap it and give you a pain potion.” She cast a bandaging charm, Sirius watched in fascination as said bandages wrapped around the Slytherin’s leg. She went into the back room to retrieve the potion.

They sat in awkward silence for a moment. “Why?” Snape asked suddenly, avoiding the eyes of the animagus.

“Why what?” he asked dumbly.

The Slytherin swallowed, “Why did you do it?” he croaked.

The question didn’t expand on much. “I- it didn’t work. The...you know,” he said, both of them blushing at that, “I still can’t stop thinking about you. I knew you wouldn’t want to be around me in human form so I chose to meet you in animagus form. I- I just wanted to be around you. I’m...Sorry.” he confessed, looking to the floor, it sounded rather pathetic when spoken out loud.

“You’re such a dolt,” Snape said, a touch of amusement in his voice before sobering, “How long?”

Grey met black, he saw a hint of something in the Slytherin’s eyes he couldn’t quite recognise. “Years, I think...”

Snape’s brows furrowed, “So all that bullying was what? A sick form of pulling pigtails?” he questioned.

He grabbed the Slytherin's hands, noting that he hadn't pulled away, "Look- Snape, I'm sorry. I was a dumbass. I promise if you just give me a chance I will do whatever it takes to earn your forgiveness." He pleaded.

Snape looked at him silently for a moment, multiple emotions flickering through his eyes. He let out a sigh, "If you mess up I'm never talking to you again-" The Slytherin was interrupted by Sirius pulling him into an embrace. The Gryffindor was unable to hear the Slytherin's protests over his own 'thank you's'.

"Mr. Black I would appreciate it if you didn't further injure my patient," Pomfrey said out of nowhere, she was looking at the two teens with a hint of mirth in her eyes.

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It was already past curfew when Pomfrey gave the go-ahead for Snape to leave. Black, being the Gryffindor he was, helped him to his dorm. Severus reluctantly held on to the boy's arm for support.

The Gryffindor kept running his mouth, telling Severus about his feelings and other gross things of the sort. He ignored how he felt a little flutter in his chest, how his face had slightly warmed at his words. "You know," he interrupted, "I prefer when you were a dog, you were rather quiet then." Severus had wanted to kick himself, did he always have to do that? Spit vitriol when he didn't know what else to say.

Black had just laughed it off thankfully. Then his face had lost all traces of humor, that's when Severus had noticed that they already made it to Slytherin's portrait. "Well..." the Gryffindor said as they stood in awkward silence for a moment. Sirius was looking over at him expectantly.

"I'm not going to kiss you." Severus blurted out.

Black's eyes widened, "I- What- Why?!" he choked out.

Severus let go of the Gryffindor's arm, "Because I'm just getting to know you! You still have to earn it!" he crossed his arms.

"I literally just bit someone to protect you! I carried you to the infirmary!" He argued.

"Yes, my thank you for that was agreeing to forgive you," he replied.

Black was quiet for a moment, he was most likely thinking, which *wasn't* a good sign, "Well... what do I get for assisting you to your dorm?" he asked, a smirk adorning his features.

Severus wasn't swayed, "You get me not hexing you, goodnight Black."

The Gryffindor had looked like a kicked puppy at that moment. It was such a pathetic sight that Severus had found himself pitying the heir. He leaned over and placed a chaste kiss on his cheek before saying the password and rushing into the common rooms. Merlin, why was romance so *embarrassing*?

He limped to his room, regretting the quick exit he made as he tried to trudge up the stairs. Thankfully his roommates were already asleep by the time he made it to their room. He threw himself onto the bed and closed his curtains.

Severus didn't know why exactly he had agreed to Black's proposition. He had seen the proposition the Gryffindor gave him in fourth year as an opportunity. A year of relative peace and all he had to do was snog a bloke. Sure it was his first kiss but Sirius wasn't the *worst* person to give it to. No matter how ugly the Gryffindor's personality was, Severus couldn't deny that the heir was handsome, very handsome.

Though why did he agree now? Was he so *desperate* for companionship that he'd turn to someone who bullies him? Well used to, Black had stopped for over a year now. Though he had only promised to cease harassing him for fourth year he hadn't during this year as well. That had to amount to something, and he could always back out if he were to revert to his old ways...

They continued to meet up in their old spot though Black was now in his human form. He was oddly very respectful of the Slytherin's boundaries and made sure never to push him to do something he didn't want to do. He could also be rather nice when he wasn't being a complete dunderhead.

Now that he could talk, Black had opened up to Severus about some of his own things. Like how he had been in correspondence with his cousin and managed to buy a flat to live in away from his mother.

Severus frowned, "She wasn't mad?" he asked, refusing to admit that he was slightly concerned for the bloke.

Sirius brushed it off, "She's always mad," he said in reply. Severus knew how that felt, his father was the same way. Though he couldn't help but be worried for the Gryffindor. While having an abusive muggle parent was dangerous he couldn't imagine having an abusive parent who was able to cast dark curses.

The Gryffindor seemed to pick this up, "Don't worry about me. In fact, you should come over during the holiday!" he said.

"I don't know..." he played with the frayed hem of his jumper.

Black had sobered for a moment, "Sev-"

"Don't call me that." he snapped.

"Snape, if anything happens my place is always open ... You know that right?" he said, looking deeply into the Slytherin's eyes. The grey hue was filled with sincerity.

Severus shifted uncomfortably at that, he didn't like talking about his home life. He had rarely even talked to Lily about it. Though it was slightly easier with Black. The fact that he often had similar experiences reduced the embarrassment a little.

Black sighed, "Just-," he dug into his robes, "here." he said, handing Severus a piece of parchment with an address on it.

"You don't have to come but I'd like you to know where it is." He said.

Severus scoffed but placed it tentatively in his robes.

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It was a couple of days into winter break when Sirius heard three light knocks at the door. His stomach dropped, it had to be Severus, he wasn't expecting anyone else. He made his way over to the door apprehensively, pausing for a moment before opening it.

Severus was looking at the ground, his hair covering his face. Sirius frowned at that, "Sev are you-"

"I'm sorry." He interrupted, "The Evans are gone for two weeks I- I had nowhere else to go," his voice croaked, his shoulders slightly shaking.

His heart broke at the scene, "It's okay, everything's fine, come on in." he spoke softly, he had wanted to pull him into an embrace whispering comforting words into his ear but the Slytherin was particular with touch. The last thing he wanted to do was unintentionally trigger him further.

He kept his head down as he entered, Sirius's frown deepened. "Sev, are you okay?" he asked, approaching the half-blood and placing a light hand on his arm.

The Slytherin had shocked him by burying his face into his shoulder, gripping onto him, “He kicked me out...” he sobbed, “He always talked about it but- I- I- didn’t think he’d ever do it.”

He placed a hand on the Slytherin’s back, rubbing circles into it as his shirt grew wet. Sirius was trying to calm not only Severus but himself as well. He was seething at the fact that someone had hurt him. His grip tightened on the Slytherin slightly, the half-blood letting out a wince. Sirius quickly loosened his hold, pulling Severus away and forcing him to look up.

Sirius froze at what he had seen, blood was pouring from his nose, an angry bruise was on the side of his jaw. His eyes were red, tears trailing down his face. The half-blood looked embarrassed as he tried to look anywhere but the angry Gryffindor. Sirius had to force himself to calm down, if he got angry it would only further upset the Slytherin.

Taking a deep breath he centred himself before grabbing the Slytherin’s hand and leading him toward the bathroom. He sat him down on the counter. Severus had just watched him silently as he ran a cloth under the water.

He softly grabbed Severus’s chin on the unbruised side, forcing the Slytherin to face him before running the warm cloth over the wounds. Severus let out a slight wince at that.

“My bad, I’m not of age yet so I’m afraid we’re doing this the muggle way.” He said lightly.

Severus looked at him for a moment before looking back at the wall, “You must think I’m pathetic, right?” he said, insecurity lacing his tone.

“No, I think your bastard father is pathetic.” Sirius spat out in reply.

The Slytherin remained quiet at that.

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Sirius was quite convincing when he tried hard enough, that's something that Severus had to learn in the past couple of years. He always found a way to get what he wanted even if he wasn't successful at first. He managed to convince Severus to snog him, then go out with him, and move in.

Severus didn't want to move in with him at first, his pride getting in the way. He thought that maybe he could try and convince his father to let him stay until he graduated, something that Sirius vehemently refused. When he finally did agree he promised that he'd find a job and move out as soon as he was able to. The Gryffindor just brushed that off.

The past couple of years have been great, their relationship has been great. The only hard part for Sirius was keeping it a secret, he wanted to flaunt, to be able to love him openly, to show that the Slytherin was *his* and that no one else could have him. However, for Severus's safety, he was unable to.

That also meant he had to deal with James's obvious attraction to the Slytherin internally. Pretty soon after he realised his feelings for Severus he noticed James's as well. It was pretty obvious now that he properly looked at it and he couldn't help but feel embarrassed that he used to be the same way.

It was hard, not chewing him out for messing with the Slytherin, for *looking* at him even. He moved to other methods instead, pushing and encouraging James to pursue Lily to distract him. It had worked for the most part, though it was mostly due to the fact that his mate wasn't aware of his attraction to Severus.

Then there was the incident by the lake, Sirius had been livid. He was upset that the only thing he could get away with was secretly hexing him into the water before he fully undressed the Slytherin. What had hurt most though was not being able to comfort the Slytherin until after McGonagall had broken up the crowd, leaving the shaking Slytherin and the seething Gryffindor by themselves. That was the second time he had ever witnessed the Slytherin cry, a sight that he had a very difficult time seeing.

He avoided James for a while after that, unable to look at him in fear of what he would do. Instead, he would opt to meet up with Severus. There were times that they stayed up so late talking to each other they would fall asleep in that very same room.

After fifth however James seemed to stop pranking the Slytherin entirely, perhaps it was because he finally realised he pushed it *too* far. That had made Sixth and Seventh year rather easy for the couple to go through.

They had kept their relationship a secret until the end of Seventh year when Sirius snogged the Slytherin during graduation. He remembered how shell-shocked everyone had been, how pissed Severus had been at Sirius causing a scene. The Gryffindor had just laughed as Severus slapped him on the arm, his face beet red.

He was happy, it wasn't until dating the Slytherin that he realised he wasn't before. He had temporary bouts of happiness when he and the marauders would pull off pranks but that feeling would disappear minutes later. He would go after birds in hopes that he would feel something, it was fun at first, the chase and flirting but after they gave in he grew bored.

Boredom was why he never pursued relationships. The fun part about romance was the beginning, everything was new, exciting, and partially dangerous. Once you got to know each other that excitement would disappear. That didn't happen with Severus however, the familiarity *was* exciting. The fact that they knew what each other liked and didn't, the familiarity of the other's body. It was different, a good different.

Sirius was loyal but only to one person, platonic or not. For the longest time it had been James, his brother in everything but blood; now it was Severus. He was devoted to the Slytherin. Perhaps it was because his madness loved that he was the Slytherin's first, and now that they would marry he'd be his last as well. Maybe it was always Severus and he just hadn't realised it.

Thank you to anyone who read this, gave it a kudos, comment, or bookmark! (if you did all four you get 100 galleons) Honestly, I'm a little sad that it's ending lol, I will most likely write a couple of one-shots in the future set in this universe.

x

That being said I'm excited to write other fics as well! If there are tropes or anything you're interested in seeing let me know! I have a few half-baked ideas but would love to hear your input!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!